MARIA to HENRIC, AND HENRIC to MARIA:

OR, THE

QUEEN to the KING IN HOLLAND,

AND HIS

Majesty's Answer;

TWO

Heroical Epistles

IN

Imitation of the Stile and Manner of Ovid.

Written by a Young Lady.

LONDON,

Printed for *Joseph Knight*, at the *Pope's Head*, in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1691.

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MARIA TO HENRIC.

MInutes grow tedious, time too slowly moves,
While *Henric*'s absent, and *Maria* loves.
Each Hour's a Week, and ev'ry Day a Year,
And ev'ry of *Maria*'s Thoughts a Fear:
Not for Thy Faith, my Fears are all for Thee,
For that dear Heart that nothing holds but me.

May I demand, if Love e'er taught Thee yet,
To look on lazy Moments with Regret?
If Love has taught Thee his Account of Time?
If *Henric*'s Love be such a Love as mine?
If so, my Sighs are justify'd by thine;

If ſo, you cannot frown, and cannot chuſe,
But all I ſigh, and all I ſay excuſe;
And wiſh, and ſpeak, and doubt, and act with me,
If Love like mine in a Male Breaſt can be.
Female our Souls, all Maſculine our Love,
Strong is your Senſe, feebly your Paſſions move.
Here ſhrunk my Soul, till my kind careleſs Pen,
Run on to *Henric*'s Name---I liv'd agen.
Henric more Noble than the reſt of Men!
O happy Thought! O bleſt *Maria*'s Fate!
He loves, does all above the common Rate.

You buſy'd yet with all thoſe great Affairs,
Counſels, Debates, and Policy of Wars;
Safety of Kingdoms, all the Mighty Things,
Worthy my *Henric*, fit alone for Kings.
This ſome Relief to painful Abſence gives,
Diverts the Pangs wherewith *Maria* ſtrives.

While You the foaming untam'd *Gallia* chaſe,
And all Your Snares around the Tigreſs place;
Pleas'd thus to ſee her all at Your Command,
Whene'er You pleaſe to move Your Conqu'ring Hand:
Suffer not fond *Maria* to complain,
That You forget Your own dear am'rous Chain.

On

On unfledg'd Victries in the Neſt You ſmile,
And great Deſigns Your Love and Hours beguile:
Alone my buſineſs, and my all is You,
My ſelf, my Wiſhes, all I have to do;
Your Name alone perſwades me to endure;
That gives the Wound, and that applies the Cure:
But there's no Balſom priz'd by me above
The bright Idea of Your Noble Love.

But if Your Love (pardon the dubious Thought)
If You the gen'rous Flame from *Belgia* brought;
Why could it not perſwade You to delay?
Why could not parting Tears induce Your ſtay?
How cruel ſhort the pleaſing Interview!
Short as 'twas ſweet, as ſhort diſguſtful too.
Why was I born ſo Great, or You ſo Brave?
Were You leſs ſo, or were I but a Slave,
My ſervile Conſort I in view might have?
Nor think he's now engag'd, a Conqu'rour now,
Dying, perhaps, with Vict'ry on his Brow,
Wounded, or ſick, or e'en I know not how.

Loſt *Mons*, the worthy Cauſe, and *Britiſh* Iſle,
Forgive the Queen, that on Your Loſs could ſmile;

Th' unwelcome News no ſooner reach'd my Ear,
But ſtraight I knew my *Henric* was not there:
No Towns are ever loſt when he's too near.
You often come indeed too near Your Foes,
Your Breaſt too oft, too daringly expoſe;
You are too much a Conquerour for me,
I love You better than the Victory:
Yet I love Conqueſt, and can wiſh it too;
But why, methinks, muſt all be done by You?
Let others take the Danger; Let them ſtake
Their Lives, and let them *Henric's* Glory take——
Ha! What!—What would my fondling Paſſion do?
Oh, that it might be Great! as Great as now;
And yet incapable to wrong You too!

What's State, Reſpect, or what's a Crown to me?
Poor Joys!—How poor's a Queen depriv'd of Thee?
My very Dreams, the ſofteſt Bliſs I knew,
My Thoughts, my Dreams, are ſtill employ'd with You,
Pleaſing at firſt, now ſerve t'afflict me too.
My Bed I with ſad Apprehenſions ſhake,
With ſudden Shrieks and Cries I ſtart, and wake:
Attendants and officious Guards ruſh in,
When nothing but her *Henric* wants the Queen;
Shipwrack'd with Doubts, and almoſt ſunk by fear,
Leaſt ſwelling *Neptune* ſo embrace my Dear,
E'en You that took of me ſo little Care:

You

You that expos'd in a ſmall Shallop lay;
Defying *Boreas* and a Raging Sea;
By cruel, deadly Sheets of Ice enclos'd;
Hunger, and bold obtruding Death oppos'd:
Yet Your Prophetic Valour could inſpire
Your glowing Breaſt with ſuch Heroic Fire,
The Shell, that *Ceſar and his Fortunes* bore,
Was deſtin'd to attain, and reach'd the Shore;
Can You ſuppoſe with me to periſh more?
Ceaſe not to fear (ſaid You) but bluſh to think,
That *Henric and his Fortunes* here muſt ſink.
Ye Gods!—The Gods were with Thee, and they ſaw:
Theſe words were follow'd with ſudden a Thaw:
And kind Heav'n caſt Thee on thy Native Shore,
When nothing leſs was hop'd, You wiſh'd no more.

If I, of a more cow'rdly Sex, had ſeen
What mighty Perils ſhut my *Henric* in;
Away had flown my haſty tim'rous Soul:
Nor could that Prophecie, ſo ſpoke, recall
My fleeting Breath, reſtoring as it was,
'T had been, to dying me, of little Force.
The fearful Tale, e'en while I knew You ſafe,
A ſtrange cold ſhivering to my Senſes gave,
Methought, and wrapt me in a chilly Wave.

Be kind, my Love, make haste — Be rather slow,
And be my kinder Love in being so.
Be kind, and cautious, let me not sustain
Those Dyings, and those Agonies again.
While I implore soft Winds, entreat the Sea
To be as gentle as my Sighs for Thee,
And careful as *Maria's* Thoughts can be;
Safe as Thy Arms, serene as those You give
Your great Protection to, and wish to live.
Live You *Maria's*, she that lives for You.
All Yours — Adieu, my Royal Love, Adieu.

The Answer.

HENRIETTA
TO
MARIA.

HEalth to *Maria*; may She ever be
Bleſs'd by the Gods, as She's held dear by me.
This Letter bears You, and demands a Kiſs,
While I, at diſtance, emulate the Bliſs.
I had Your Lines, which ſeem'd, methought, to ſmile,
And as I read, I ſaw You in the Stile;
Gentle, endearing, as You us'd to be;
I had, methought, Your ſelf in ſome Degree;
Yet a faint Copy of Thy Mind and Thee.

But

But as ſo far 'twas Yours, no Joys could here
So great, approach my Soul, or half ſo dear.

And yet, methinks, I'm almoſt angry too,
To have my Love ſuſpected thus by You,
As not a Paſſion great like Yours, nor true.
Will You believe me? Or how muſt I ſwear,
My Paſſion's great, as You are kind and fair?
Oh, You miſtake indeed! our Paſſions move
With all the Tenderneſs of Female Love.
Your Sex their Flames more artfully expreſs,
While ours, pent in our Boſoms, ſcorch no leſs.
Reproach us not, we cannot love like you,
Becauſe we know not how to ſay we do.

Your Letter ſeems to chide I would be gone,
And leave *Maria*, and her Charms ſo ſoon:
Thoſe were enough indeed t'oblige my ſtay,
But ſuch Affairs as mine forbid delay;
'Twould blaſt my Fame, and *Mars* himſelf would frown,
And even bluſh to hear a Gen'ral own,
He left his Joys, and Eaſe unwillingly,
And when oblig'd t'approach the Enemy,
It looks as if he were afraid to die.

But You, my gentle, kind, my boſom-Foe,
Will urge me to offend my Honour ſo,

To

Too tenderly to be deny'd You preſs;
But ſhall a ſtubborn Martial Man confeſs
Maria was ſo charming, and ſo kind,
He went, and fondly left his Heart behind?
Oh, You'll reduce me to confeſſing too,
I hold not Conqueſt half ſo dear as You;
And hate the Field, the Glorious Scene of War,
And all becauſe *Maria* is not there.
What is't You make me ſay? What make me do?
But would *Mars* bluſh to be Your Captive ſo?
The great, the Gods---- they nothing knew above,
Or more Heroic than to fight and love;
No Demy-God, or Hero, could be ſo,
Unleſs he could be prov'd a Lover too.

Proud as I am of the bright Chains I wear,
My Vows are jointly made to Love and War.
Love without Glory is too poor, too mean,
Unworthy *Henric* and beneath the *Queen*.
Combat, and not with gen'rous Love conjoin'd,
Is brutiſh, and beneath a Manly Mind.

If You love me---- Love me, I know You do,
And You're oblig'd to love my Honour too;
You have been valiant, and with me could dare:
But how's Your Soul contracted by Your Fear?

Can You not be *Maria* fair, and kind,
And yet retain the Beauties of Your Mind;
That Fortitude which ſo ſublimely ſoar'd
Above the Vulgar, and I ſo ador'd?
Shall Your great Soul for my ſmall Danger ſhake,
When ſacred Fanes, and Altars are at Stake?
How is Your Courage fled? Love me not ſo,
You ſeem to wiſh me as my *Gallic* Foe,
He'd have me always ſtay at home with You.

No, No; You love me not above my Fame,
Your Softneſs clouds the Luſtre of Your Flame,
As bright as ever 'twas, and ſtill the ſame.
Juſt ſo my Love's eclips'd by rude Affairs;
Such are the *Rheſian* to the *Paphian* Wars.
If Softneſs can admit Sublimity,
As inſtanc'd gloriouſly are both in Thee,
Let me a Lover, and a Soldier be;
Your Tenderneſs had made me doubt You brave,
For which I ask the pardon I muſt have,
Becauſe I find I was ſuſpected too,
You ſaw me rough, and thought I lov'd not You.
Thus we make Judgments from the upper Coat,
And doubt, and talk, and ſigh, and all by rote.
Diſguis'd we rudely may a Prince intreat,
Becauſe in that Array he ſeem'd not great.

Should

Should we not then be well aſſur'd and know
His Quality before we treat him ſo?
If we conſider'd well, and look'd within,
The ſeeming Beggar might be found a King.
Lord of my Paſſions was my Love, when You
Queſtion'd, and thought it ev'n beggarly too.

But Oh! I long to view thoſe Charms again,
That Face which mad-brain'd Multitudes can tame,
Monſters as fierce, cruel as th' *African.*
I know *Maria* has no more to do,
Than look to ſtrike a Malefactour thrô;
But you've look'd all into a loving ſo,
That none will contradict Your Will they know.
Britannia under You's a happy State;
Rejoice, *Britannia*, in ſo bleſs'd a Fate;
So 'twas *Eliſa* govern'd you; and ſo
My Queen, You, ſweet *Maria* govern too.
Your Eyes Command, all greedily fulfill,
What-e'er th' injoin, that's ever nothing ill.
Your Eyes are both our Sceptres, I the Sword
Muſt brandiſh here, while You there give the Word;
And when You pleaſe to add a Smile or Frown,
The Wretch that hangs on Your melodious Tongue,
Is either ſtrangely bleſs'd, or quite undone.

What a mad Caprice, of ſome *Gallic* Fool,
Was't to exclude their Women all from Rule?
Not *Lewis*, he was fair, and wiſe he's too,
Yet never govern'd with his Eyes like You.
Oh, had he now but ſuch a Friend as mine,
He might go join the *Turk*, his old Deſign,
And leave his *France* to th' Management of's Queen.

Oh, how I long to ſee my Love appear,
As oft Sh'as done, like ſome auſpicious Star,
And by her Glories chear the Men of War.
Which all in Ecſtaſie when-e'er Thou'rt ſeen,
With eager Voices cry, *Long live the Queen.*
Oh, could She know; could I but here impart,
What haſty Thoughts and Wiſhes crowd my Heart;
She could not think her *Henric* would be long,
Purſu'ing thoſe Motives to a quick Return:
Till then, *Maria*, calm Your troubl'd Mind,
And let this Paper *Nuncio* welcome find.

FINIS.